

Look Me in the Eyes and Tell Me You're Mad by gracefraser

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Fluff, fight, it's still cute though, there may or may not be a nose boop, they fight like a married couple but they aren't

Language: English

Characters: Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers

Relationships: Joyce Byers & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-03-29

Updated: 2018-03-29

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:30:02

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,139

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Joyce and Hopper getting into one of those arguments that all couples have at least once.

Look Me in the Eyes and Tell Me You're Mad

Their work schedules were equally as restricting on free time. They were lucky to get one date night a month, which Joyce hardly wanted at all. Although she trusted Jonathan with all her heart, she was still on edge leaving him to watch both Will and Jane. But she always stuck it out. She knew how much these date nights meant to Hopper. Most of their time together was spent with the kids, stuck sitting on opposite ends of the sofa. Their February date almost fell on Valentine's, just off by four days. They both despised the holiday anyway, so it didn't matter they were missing it.

Hopper walked up the porch steps at precisely 5:15, just as promised. He made sure not to take any shit from the station and leave on time for their special nights. Joyce spun around from the soapy dishes in the sink as she heard the door open. A smile quickly appeared on her face before she met him with a kiss at the welcome mat.

"Look at that, I'm on time yet again." He said, slipping his hands around her small waist. She followed his gesture, resting hers on his shoulder, and around the back of his neck.

"And I wasn't expecting anything else. So here's the deal." Why was there always a catch with her? No plans were ever solidified until they were over when it came to Joyce. "I gave the kids an early dinner and let them go to the arcade until 7. Now I know you wanted to go simple tonight at the bar but I was actually thinking-" Joyce began. She couldn't help but notice the frown on his face, followed by a sigh. "What?"

"You do realize you do this every time, don't you?" He mumbled, pulling back from her a bit.

"What are you talking about?" Joyce asked. She felt his warm hands leave her cold body and watched as he crossed the room. "What is your problem, Hopper?" Her eyes followed him to the loveseat, but she kept her distance.

"You, always thinking your date idea is better. How many times have we actually done something I picked Joyce?" He replied. The answer

was none, but Joyce wasn't about to admit that. She laughed a bit, this time walking to meet his presence in the living room. She stood in front of the chair, very satisfied to for once in her life be taller than him. "It's not funny, it's selfish."

"Selfish, is it?" Joyce started. She crossed her arms over her chest and glared into Hopper's eyes. "At least I go on these with you. You know how I feel, being out in public and hearing the whispers, leaving my boys, missing a closing shift. But yes, I'm the selfish one for picking where we go. Maybe we shouldn't even go tonight if you're so upset with me wanting to go somewhere other than the goddamn bar." Joyce always stood her ground with him. She was always right, even if she was completely wrong, and they both knew it. Only, this minor argument felt different. Hopper seemed adamant to get his point across as much as she did. Joyce was forced to take a step back when he stood, his tall presence overwhelming her every sense.

"You know what Joyce? Maybe we shouldn't. Maybe you should sit at home alone and wait until your boys get home. It's just the bar, what do you have against it?" He replied. Joyce stood frozen, unable to even think of something to say. He would never fight her back, it was a rare occurrence. Joyce was so accustomed to getting her way without a comment from him.

"I just thought we could have a nice dinner with salads and waiters-"

"You can get yourself a salad at the bar." Hopper pointed out. Joyce forced her eyes shut, unable to look at him and his egotistical facial expression.

"Look, I'm not very happy with your arrogant attitude at the moment. You're being an ass so what I'm about to do is walk away until you want to discuss this in a calm-"

"So, you crossing your arms like that is calm?" Hopper cut in. Joyce opened her eyes again, furious as ever.

"Stop interrupting me!" She objected. Hopper's once angered face was now almost a laugh after her voice echoed off the walls. "Now what? Is this funny to you?"

"You're impossible to be mad at, Joyce. Look at that face." He chuckled. Joyce didn't break her frustrated expression, even as Hopper tapped her nose. "You aren't intimidating you know. You're just cute, and I don't throw that word around often." He tried. Joyce continued to glare at him, despite his best efforts to lighten the mood.

"I'm still mad at you. Don't touch me when I'm like this again or I'll hurt you." She answered. Her words began to stop mirroring her actions, as Hopper could see her becoming less tense. He took a risk and touched her arms, guiding her to uncross them. "Touch me again I dare you." She said timidly, on the verge of cracking a smile. It killed her, she hated to seem shaken by him doing this.

"Will you laugh if I touch you again?" He asked.

"You'll never find out because I told you not to." She answered. He didn't care, he put his index finger to her nose again and cracked her. She broke a smile despite her best efforts to hide it.

"There it is. Now, let's make a compromise shall we?"

"You mean when you let me have my way because I'm right and have better ideas than you?" She said almost sarcastically, but they both knew she meant it.

"If it'll keep that smile on your face, then you know what fine." He sighed. Joyce's smile turned into a smirk, feeling accomplished with herself. The tables had turned, and Hopper could only shake his head at her narcissism. He made so many sacrifices for her happiness, even if it sometimes took a bit for him to get there. But he was vulnerable around her. It was impossible to say no to Joyce Byers, even if she was faking her anger the entire time.

"I'm still mad at you for being like that you know," Joyce said, her back now turned as she grabbed her coat from the back of the sofa. She squealed when Hopper's arms wrapped around her torso and lifted her off the ground.

"No, you aren't." He grinned, setting her down and turning her to face him. "Look me in the eyes and tell me you're mad." He met her gaze, accompanied by both of them breaking their serious expressions

with a smile. “Told you.” He said, leaning down to kiss her.